

By Sidney Smith

Author of the "Tarzan" Stories and the "Martian" Stories

"bullet into my own head, for unless you swear as I have asked I were no better alone in the jungle with you than here at the mercies of these degraded blacks."

"I swear," he replied solemnly. "In the names of my God and my Kaiser that no harm shall befall you at my hands, Lady Greystoke."

"Very well," she said, "we will make this pact to assist each other to return to civilization, but let it be understood that there is and can be any semblance even of respect can be any

If Obergatz had held any doubt as to the sincerity of her word it would have been wholly dissipated by the scathing contempt of her tone. And so Obergatz, without further parley, got pistols and an extra rifle for Jane, as well as bandoleers of cartridges. In his usual brusque and disagreeable manner he called his servants, and in a few minutes he and the white kali were going out into the brush to hunt. The benders would go north as far as the little hill and then circle back to the east and in toward the village. The gun carriers he directed to take the extra places and

the east, waiting for Jane slowly toward the camp, and the other two, who had about half a mile distance. The blacks responded with greater alacrity than usual and it was noticeable to both Jane and Oberatz that they left the village whispering and talking.

"The swine think it is a great joke," growled Oberatz, "that the afternoon before I die I go out and hunt meat for them."

As soon as the gun bearers disappeared in the jungle beyond the village the two Europeans followed along the same trail, nor was there any attempt upon the part of Oberatz's native soldiers or the warriors of the chief to detain them. He had no doubt that they were more than willing that the whites should bring them in one more mess of meat before they killed them.

After a quarter of a mile from the village, Oberatz turned toward the south from the trail that led to the east, and was rying onward the two put as great a distance as possible between them and the village before night fell. They knew from the habits of their erstwhile hosts that there was no danger of pursuit by night, and the village was a long way off. In the end of the day, and the lion, in too great respect to venture needlessly beyond their stockade during the hours that the king of beasts was prone to choose for hunting.

And so it was that the endless sequence of frightful days and horrible nights as the two fought their way toward the south in the face of almost inconceivable hardships, privations and dangers. The east coast was nearer, but Oberatz was not so sure of it, and he caught throwing himself into the hands

of the British by returning to the territory which they now controlled, insisting instead upon attempting to make the Boers, who were known to be hostile to South Africa, where, among the Boers, he was convinced he would find willing sympathizers who would find some way to return him in safety to the British. The British were, however, compelled to accompany him.

And so they had crossed the great thorny, waterless steppe and come at last to the edge of the morass before the point just before the rainy season when the waters of the morass were at their lowest ebb. At this time a hard crust is baked upon the dried surface of the morass, and this crust, which is thin at the center to materially impede progress. It is a condition that exists perhaps not more than a few weeks, or even days at the termination of long periods of drought. It is a barrier which is otherwise almost impassable barrier without realizing its latent terrors. Even the open water in the center

chained to be deserted in the mountains. The waters of the drought and the receding waters had driven southward toward the mouth of Pal-ul-don's largest river, which carries the waters out of the Valley of Jad-ben-Otho. Their wanderings carried them across the mountains and into the Valley of Jad-ben-Otho at the source of one of the mountain waters down into the valley to empty them into the main river just below the Great Lake on whose northern shore the mountains stood. The mountains they had been sprung of the mountains they had been surprised by a party of Ho-don hunters. Obegratz and the German hunter had been taken prisoner and brought to A-lur. She had neither seen nor heard aught of the German since that time and she was not sure whether he had been taken in this strange land, or succeeded in successfully eluding its savage denizens and making his way at last into South

For her part, she had been incarcerated alternately in the palace and the temple, as either Ko-tan or Lu-don succeeded in wresting her temporarily from the hands of the other. She was cunning and intrigue. And now at last she was in the power of a new captor, one whom she knew from the gossip of the city to be a cruel and unscrupulous and degraded. And she was in the stern of the last canoe, and every enemy back was toward her, while all eyes were turned to her. She had given ample evidence of his unconsciousness to his immediate surroundings.

The dark shores loomed closer to the canoe as the lone glimmer faded. She slid away from the stern of the canoe into the chill waters of the lake. She scarcely moved other than to keep her nostrils above the surface, and to catch the miserable in the last rays of the declining moon. Then she struck out toward the southern shore.

Alone, unarmed, all eyes on her, in a canoe, beset by savage, hostile and hostile men, she yet felt for the first time in many months a sensation of

And then came the moment brought death, she knew again, at least a brief instant of absolute freedom. Her blood tingled to the almost forgotten sensation, and she felt the sufficiency that she gained a glad, triumphant cry as she clambered from the quiet waters and stood upon the silent beach.

She dreamed a forest, darkly and from its depths came those nameless sounds that are a part of the night life of the jungle—the rustling of leaves in the wind, the chirping of a host of contiguous branches, the scurrying of a rodent, all magnified by the darkness to sinister and awe-inspiring proportions: the growl of a tiger, the hiss of a cobra, of a great cat, the barking of wild dogs, attested the presence of the myriad life she could not see—the savage life, the life of the jungle.

And then there came to her, possibly for the first time since the giant ape-man had come into her life, a fuller realization of her position. She was alone, him, for though alone and unprotected from its hideous dangers she yet felt its lure upon her and an exaltation that she could not resist.

Ah, if that mighty mate of hers were but by her side! What utter joy and bliss would be hers! She longed for no more than that.

The parade of cities, the comforts and luxuries of civilization held forth no allure half as insistent as the glorious freedom of the jungle.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

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The Young Lady Across the Way



PETEY—A Day Off



THE CLANCY KIDS—*Timmie Believes in Chinning Up to Pop Sometimes*



OH! HELLO, POP! I DIDN'T KNOW YA WAS HOME YET. I'VE BEEN WORKIN' LIKE SIXTY POLISHIN' YOUR SHOES ALL AFTERNOON. HOW DO THEY LOOK?

P.D. Cross